Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 55

Chimera

(My days repeating)

1

This is what he meant, for me to do with my life be his… anytime he wants it-girl and nothing more and nothing less, and it makes his rejection easier to accept… almost. Yet, the money is why, like- I am here- and the love too… yah that…

I have been working on my studies more than them being with him or her… I would say it was to clear my head. I was looking over the paper that was said I wrote, I pretend to read the article, that Katie made for me. Beyond its suddenly,

blindingly obvious. He is too gloriously good-looking, not to think about the non-stop. I know he loves me, yet he has a hard way of really showing just that.

I, understand, yet not so- her words make more sense than mine- I questioned this… He is not the man for me. I can live with this. It is only when I am in bed, that I try to sleep, that I allow my thoughts to drift off some- yet all the voices run through me- never hushing up.

Never slowing- never stopping, for me to have a moment- in time to think alone.

‘Katie, she is particularly good,’ ‘I’m going to study, is what I said to her… just wanted to get away from her mouth.’ I am not going to think about him again, for now, I vow to myself, and opening my revision notes, I start to read. Thus far, his face keeps looking it to mine, and I see him looking back in the glass.

I put my pen down, which makes all the font that I write out and comforts it into text in word. I am finished, with my re-write of her draft.

My final exam is over, I said- this will do simply fine the grin spread over my face can be helped.

It is the first time all week that I have smiled over something other than him. It is Friday, and we shall be celebrating tonight, really celebrating.

Paris- with Katie not him, I need this- the city the lights the sound- of something other than me inquiry all that is me - and him.

She slanted her head and smiled at her companion, with grace seated her at the best table in the restaurant; her smile, at least, was honest, though almost nothing else about her was. The pale gray of her eyes was warmed to by sweet colored contact lenses; her blond hair had

been darkened by the low light of the tower in the background, then subtly streaked with lighter shades. in her arms mentally begging her with every fiber of my being to kiss me, is what I needed, just her true love for me - not asking… never demanding.

He did not want me as a girlfriend, this week he was off doing what he does. I turn on to my side, now at the hotel, with her in the single bed, Frivolously, I wonder if he is with a new younger girl?

Think back of: ‘Ah!’ settled in his chair with a contented sigh, returning her

smile. she is so beautiful woman in her teen years; she looks like the US, with glossy dark hair and liquid gray eyes, and a luxurious mouth.

(Bed)

I close my eyes and begin to drift, and she nudges me, groggy as I- she had gambled that he would not have his people dig any deeper than that, that he would run out of the patience required to wait for the answers before, she made a move on me. Her manufactured background was only a few layers deep; I knew she and I wanted too so why not; she had not had time to prepare more. He

is saving himself. Well not for you, my sleepy subconscious has a final swipe at me before unleashing itself on my dreams.

I might even get drunk! I said- we can hear it is not agents the law here, I have never been drunk before, I know that the trill was wearing off, I glance across the sports hall at Katie, and she is still scribbling furiously, five minutes to the end of foolish. This is it, the end of my academic career if he tunes in…

She had done the best she could in the time she had, she knew that she would have to be off doing her study’s

even on this run over the sea that takes less than a day now.

He made a point of keeping himself in shape, and his hair had not yet started to gray-either that or he was as skilled as she at touch-ups. ‘You look especially lovely tonight; have I told you that yet?’ I shall never have to sit in rows of anxious, isolated students again. Inside I am doing graceful cartwheels around my head, knowing full well that is the only place I can do graceful cartwheels.

…And that night, I dream of her and I live long ever after, and I am running through dark places with eerie

strip lighting doing things we should not, and I do not know if I am running toward something, that I should want or not- the dream, leads me with choices, it is just not clear.

Katie stops writing and puts her pen down. She glances across at me, and I catch her Cheshire cat smile too. We head back to our apartment together in her Mercedes, refusing to discuss our final paper. Katie is more concerned about what she is going to wear to the bar this evening. I am busily fishing around in my purse for my keys.

‘Merry, there’s a package for you, their flowers from him…’ she said.

Odd, I have not ordered anything from Amazon recently.

Katie is standing on the steps up to the front door holding them.

‘No.’ Katie’s eyes are wide with disbelief. ‘-?’ I nod.

‘You have, she said, he loved you more than anything, I start to believe it.’ But then her gaze was warm, wet whit tears for she was in love with me more than he at that moment. I knew… she had trained long and hard to acquire it, I knew she was the one that would always

care about me. ‘Thank you again… I said to him in a mind message.’ I recognize the quote was something slandered, where was the love in it?

I have not let myself dwell on RICHARD C. MAST - for the past week. Okay… so-o his blue eyes are still haunting my dreams, as she plays with me in them too, and I know it will take an eternity to expunge the feel of his arms around me and his wonderful perfume from my brain. Why has he sent me this?

‘Can’t think of anyone else, that would do this for me, like him though.’ ‘What does this card mean…?’ ‘I have no

inkling; I think it’s a warning - scrupulously he keeps threatening me off, with gifts. I have no idea why- he thinks I will keep coming back- just for the coming.

It’s not like I’m beating his door down- and the wood hard- with only him.’ I frown some… ‘I know you don’t want to talk about him, Merry, but he’s seriously into you. Warnings or no.’ ‘I don’t know, and I don’t care. I cannot accept these from him, yet not feeling as I did in the past some of the caring went away.

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I love Katie, she is so loyal and supportive. I repack the books and leave them on the dining table. Katie hands me a glass of champagne.

‘To the end of exams and our new life in Seattle,’ she grins.

‘To the end of exams, our new life in Seattle, and excellent results.’ We clink glasses and drink.

The bar is loud and hectic, full of soon to be graduates out to get trashed. José joins us. He will not graduate for another year, but he is in the mood to party and gets us into the spirit of our newfound freedom by buying a pitcher of margaritas for us all. As I down my fifth, I know this is not a clever idea on top of the champagne.

‘So, what now Merry?’ She shouts at me over the noise, Katie has the constitution of a she-ass. ‘That is doubtful,’ she calmly replied. ‘I have never liked any wine.’ She had made that plain from the start, who disliked the taste of wine, I thought sitting over here

looking at her thinking that. Her taste buds were deplorably working-class. She enjoyed a glass of wine, (I thought) now she is drinking only coffee or bottled water; order coffee for her, of that… I giggle.

‘I think I’d better have a beer.’

‘I’ll get us a pitcher.’

‘More drink, Merry!’

Katie bellows…

‘Classy- in France?’

Sure!

Her eyes for Katie, are glittery and wet for her. I move out of her way to

hold and get up from our table. She is taking photos, yes, of her in her tight jeans, her usual stunning self, and high heels, hair piled high with tendrils hanging down softly around her face. I giggled over it like I have no idea what the time is, I will wake with her over to the tower and well go up and kiss at the top. Good thinking, Merry. I stagger off through the crowd, she yells for me, and I whisper in her mind that I am over here. Of course, there is a line, but at least it is moving fast to the top. I am suppressing a drunken smile, hit me like an involuntary, looking out over with her in my arms and the kiss.

Back at the hotel my head, ponding so-o… I go for a swim uncomfortably is a G-string bikini, with all the others, a lot of kids but even so, it was nice, Well, the object of the exercise was to get drunk, on it's the other way 'round. I have succeeded, in working it off. I stare blankly over and over in a fast way- at the poster on the back of the toilet door that extols the virtues of safe sex.

Yah- NO! like that is going to happen.

Holy crap'n piss bucket, did I just call RICHARD C. MAST in my mind? Shit. My phone rings for him it is all in my

mind though, and it makes me jump when he says ‘what do you want.’ I squeak in surprise; by how the man he is being to me for what see to be noted on my own doing.

This is what it is like - not an experience to be repeated.

The line has moved, and it is now my turn.

‘Howdy,’ I bleat timidly into the handset. I had not calculated on this.

‘I’m coming to get you,’ he says and hangs up... before I said I did want him too. The only RICHARD C. MAST - could sound so calm and so threatening at

the same time. I pull my jeans up after the poster said not to do what I just did.

My heart is thumping. Coming to get me? Well, I am coming to get her- ha. Hang on, I am fine. Oh no. I am going to be sick… no… He is just messing with my head.

I said- ‘Holy freaking crap nugget.’

3

He cannot find me here, I would say so with GPS within my body as we all have now, Besides, it will take him 4 hours to get here from NY, and we will be

long gone by then. I wash my hands and check my face in the mirror.

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eternity for the pitcher of beer and eventually return to the table. ‘The girl's room on a call, that I shouldn’t have made.’ Mind dealing- I said… ‘ah- were sitting out said at a bar café. ‘All- out-in the - fresh air- and yes.’ ‘Katie, I think I’d better think that you and I have a thing… ‘Merry, you are such a softie with him- grow some lady nuts and say- freak you.’

4

‘I’ll be five- to ten minutes…’

‘…Going to flick-the-bean-?’

‘Yep!’ said Katie in understanding, with a sarcastic thumbs up!

At first, my trusty ally as always is my hairbrush like a girl wanting to always look good. By day I used it to brush my hair, and at the night, on the rug, face on the floor, ass in the air, skirt pushed up, I run my fingers just down the long place where the insides of your thighs touch, all the way to your knees, and then I'd let go of your legs, and they'd fall slightly apart, and as my hands started to move up inside them, with my fingers splayed wide, they'd move farther and farther apart, and then I'd lift your knees and hook them over the arms of the armchair, and pass my fingertips down over your breasts and your stomach and

just lightly, back and forth, moving closer and closer to where your thighs meet; f*ck yourself, you'll have so-o much fun!

Nails ripping methodically at sheer taupe pantyhose it took her easily twenty minutes to put on, I must get nude- and I do not care. The little inconvenience that she must have been wet without knowing it as a woman. Slow, rhythmic, gentle, moving down my body, down and I was nothing but my body. Just the sweetness the incredible... I could feel her muscles moving softly, coming was more in my mind still; when I got ever-so closer- I would become a single band of muscle, shaking without a thought of

mind behind it, flickering and curving to every moment, current tugging at herself harder, moving just right- toward the flood in which was to come.

And, by night I rode the handle of that grooming item like a limitless pounding hot sex man of my dreams, doubling its functionalities at a stroke. Two very separate lives this brush has just like myself. Multi-tasking is an important thing for me.

Always with the disguise. Two very separate lives- indeed more than okay, beautiful, and natural. Longer a concern was thoughts, into my field of

vision now coming back, draining it- with an exhaustive gaze- of relief, which sought to extract from it a female creature. I run my easily my belly it is all done. The forefinger touches the clitoris while the left forefinger goes deep inside, get what was left in out, fingers surrounded by those soft, collapsing caves of flesh and girlie-goo THICK AMD CLEAR BUT SOMETIMES STRINGY, my finger is too small. I put in two and spreads them… She moves her fingers to that rhythm again for time two, feeling the two inside get creamy and the clitoris dipping in and out gets hard and pink.

Then squirting into the many sprays all over the floor or running's into the butt hole covered with a heart-shaped (S) *7*2.8 CM* beginner butt plug in red gemstone and shiny Stainless steel- of the thickness of my girlie goo. The chair was at an odd angle as she got up to clean... and move on with her day.

5

I make my way through the crowd another time, thinking of how I was going to get off like three more times, in 15. I am beginning to feel nauseous, my head is spinning uncomfortably, see in the little girl in the open stall next to me get

there faster then I! and she is like freaking 10! and I am a little unsteady with my frapping 3 figuring or have girl gotten even more slutty. More unsteady than usual, she got it down. God, I turn on- you? No- nope…? ...Did not think so prev. ‘I think I’ve just had a bit too much to drink, I feel like more pee than that is coming out of me.’ I smile weakly at her and say- GOD FOR YOU HUNNY- good for you.

‘And you too,’ she murmurs, and her dark eyes are watching me intently, saying why you doing this on your own at your age… is a young girl thing to do.’ Do you need a hand?’ she asks and steps

closer undies at her feet, putting her arm around me some. I've got this.' I try and push her away weakly, of age, yet there nothing wrong with it. 'Merry, please,' she whispers, it is Kate in my head saying do not do it, yet the young child is holding me in her arms, pulling me close, like a lover. These days' free love is love! No matter the age…

6

'You know I like you, Merry, please.' He has one hand at the small of my back holding me against him, the other at my chin tipping back my head. Holy freak… he is going to kiss me. Her

hand has slipped into my hair, and she is holding me.

She whispers against my lips. His breath is soft and smells too sweet- of candy and Kool-Aid. She gently kisses me along my jaw, and lips and movies up to the side of my mouth and then right on my parted lips. I feel frightened, drunk, and out of control, yet I love having fee love like this- it like I was her age all over. The feeling is sickly sweet.

You are my friend, no and for life, I said to her, and I think, I am going to throw up, so you should runoff. A voice in the dark says quietly. Holy shit!

In my mind- RICHARD C. MAST- he is now, see what I have done.

I glance anxiously up at the RICHARD C. MAST. He is glowering at Katie, and he is furious, like me for doing a young one as he said. Crap'n, and fly trap-My stomach hauls, and I double over, worse than when blood is shooting out of my hole, I'll hold you.'

She grabs my hair and pulls it out of the firing line- my body no longer able to accept the alcohol, and I vomit outstandingly on to the ground at me and the little French girls' feet her name was- Willow.

She has her arms around my middle body - holding my hair in a makeshift ponytail down my back so it is off my face, her hands the other is I try awkwardly to push her hair out of the way, but I vomit again… and again, even on to her half nude body.

Even when my stomach's empty, and nothing is coming up, oh shit… 'If you are going to throw up again, I note, with deep thankfulness, that it's in relative darkness. I vow silently that I will never drink again, yet that like say I cannot have a day without sex. It is going down in me at some point.

My hands are resting on the block wall… How long is this going to last? I questioned… she takes her T stands, and I wipe my mouth, on she said she did not care… love at first sight… I questioned it. This is just too appalling for words, Katie said… I must go out now. So-o horrifying gasping heaves of wackiness- my body feels. Then it concludes… Katie is still hovering by the entrance to the girl's room watching us.

Her (the young girl’s) hand is barely holding me up – vomiting profusely is exhausting. takes his hands off I say to him- I am hectic with embarrassment repulsed with me. When I come around.

My hands in on my head I groan, as I place them there. Like that was the solitary worst moment of my lifespan. Twins taking a crap is what I think of at this moment- why I do not know. Oh- yeah- I do- there they are both doing just that- like- looking in at me over in there apparent 5,00 feet up or so all glass too. What should I say to him, for him to forgive this?

RICHARD C. MAST's rejection will not be something good. I try to remember a worse one, that I have done, and I cannot. I glare at him, in my mind. For he is acting like my dad, not my lover. Oh, the humiliation… my mother was far

worse. Marry who are you kidding, he is just seen you hurl all over the ground- nothing more said- Katie, she feels that what I did was nothing. Yet I still look shamefaced to myself, and him- or so I think.

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shamefaced to myself, and him- or so I think.

7

I have a few choice words for my so-called friend, none of which I can repeat in front of RICHARD C. MAST - There is no disguising your lack of ladylike behavior, and I can only produce- and this is so, so many shades darker in terms of, I risk a glance at him, I see hem looking back at me mirrored back in my stare.

He is staring down at me, his face composed, yet he can help but fall for me

fast, giving nothing away about how he was feeling about what I did we fall.

Turning, I glance at Katie whom and, like me, is scared by the true filling that he heads to me from that day. I utter, staring at the handkerchief which I am furiously worrying with my fingers. It is so soft, and worm, as slid his fingers in her, he would expect her to share his bed tonight, but he was destined to be disappointed once again, in her saying: I do not feel the need after, soloing- so many times today. Her hatred was so strong she had barely been able to force herself to let him kiss her and accept his touch with some temperateness.

There was no way in hell like she had let him do more than that to her tonight- for the movies running in her had of him acting like an ass and or like her dad. ‘I’m sorry, he said for what I have done to you. Just in my thoughts of…’ Apologize… and say back off. Katie mutters, derogatory but we both ignore that, and he slinks off back into the of my mind for rest and sleep.

I am on my own with doing me- and just Kate.

‘We’ve all been here, perchance not quite as dramatically as you,’ he says dryly. ‘It’s about knowing your limits,

Merry. I mean, I am all for pushing limits, but this is beyond the pale. My head rings with excess alcohol and frustration. Do you make a habit of this kind of behavior?'

He was scolding me like an errant child, something you would never do to me I said to Kate that had me held by the butt, arching my back as she is holding me in her arms, for passion and cute kissing- then 69, her butt in my face, I move her lips around using sucking at mouth and teeth and tongue.

Katie- Put her legs over your shoulders and grab onto her waist or

open her vagina. (The last one feels better) or have her butt hole in your well-nose.

Do not fart!

And at first kiss outside her vagina and then slowly lick her inside and just pretend she is the most beautiful thing you have ever tasted and if she wants to talk dirty to her but talks to her about that beforehand so she will not be offended.

Hope this helps.

I love it. It is such a turn on.

- You want to kiss/nibble on her neck first. It is an effective way to start- turning her on.

Suck on her nipples and play with them with your tongue. This too is another great turn on.

- While you are doing these, massage her PUSS-PUSS over her pants-

just to get her ready for it.

- Work your way down, slowly, and sexually.

- Open up her PUS*Y and go straight to the Cl*t.

- Smack the PUS*Y with your tongue fast, and suck and tug on it (not too hard though.)

- As you are sucking her PUS*Y, slide your fingers in and out of her- vagina opening.

- Once you have 2 fingers in there, and they are facing up, curve them- like a hook and without going in and out, stroke her G-spot.

If this is your first time, beware of the smell and taste, as it makes most guys gag at first.

Part of me wants to say, if I want to get drunk every night like this, then it is my decision and nothing to do with him - but I am not brave enough. Not now that I have thrown up in front of him. Why is he still standing there?

'No,' I said contritely. 'I've never been drunk before and right now I have no desire to ever be again.' Yet, I know that is a lie… 'Come on, I'll take you home,' she murmurs- do this to me.

I just do not understand why he is here. I begin to feel faint. She notices my dizziness and grabs me before I fall and hoists me into his arms, holding me close

to her chest like a child. For sucking and seizing on her nipples. ‘I need you, Katie.’ Holy Moses, I say at C-*-M! I am in her arms again. Where I do the same to her butt in the air, I go for it for like a half-hour.

8

‘Dancing,’ with Katie in the club she shouts, and I can tell he is mad at me acting slutty. He is eyeing me- him the RICHARD C. MAST suspiciously.

I struggle with my black jacket and place my small shoulder bag over my head, so it sits at my hip. I am ready to go, once I have seen Katie; to party my

ass off… yet he is saying NO… No in my mind. And I just having fun. It is earsplitting, packed, and the music is underway, thus there is a huge mass on the dance floor. She sets me down, and, taking my hand, leads me back into the bar.

She knew that I went out for some air- of him… embarrassed weak I feel dumb, and still drunk, exhausted, ashamed, and on some strange equal unquestionably off the scale electrified, by the cocktail of things I took down.

He is clutching my hand I see them all wavy to my sight. Looking at

them all swirly. - Such a confusing array of emotions play tricks in my mind like haunted school girl ghosts. I will need at least a week to process them all, I knew even in this state of mind of senseless.

Katie is not at our table, and Katie has disappeared. Levi looks lost and forlorn on his own. ‘Where’s Katie? She was off with some young girl doing what I did the night before.’ I see that she had to feel as I did… she was always like that with me… we must be the same in all-or not…! ‘My head is beginning to pound in time to the thumping bass line of the music.’

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He rolls his eyes at me and takes my hand again and leads me to the bar. He is served immediately.

‘She’s on the dance floor,’ I touch RICHARD C. MAST’s arm and lean up and shout in his ear, brushing his hair with my nose, smelling his clean, fresh smell. All

those forbidden, unfamiliar feelings that I have tried to deny surface and run amok through my drained body. I flush, and somewhere deep, deep down my muscles clench deliciously. He is such a - Control-Freak - I said to her- saying: your just having fun. He is watching me intently, mirrored in my- lost young girl like the look of my eyes.

'Drink- Drink- drink' I heard her say, to this young girl in the bar and she was about 14,' he shouts his order at me. He looks irritated and livid, with me like I am his sex- dolly, and nothing more…He is so overbearing, I thought. Give me love- I thought- or is sex now just the love?

What is his delinquent? The moving lights are meandering and turning in time to the music casting strange colored light and obscurities all over the bar and the business.

He is alternately white, green, blue, and bloodshot red.

There a dead girl in an ash box sitting on the ground, on the walkway to my home, she was just burnt a day go, and dumped, here, and this is where she is resting- no one cares about her like death and dumping ash that nothing- or that she was only 5 years of age…I take a hesitant swallow; I think about the life

she never had- on like all the others thoughts going through my mind I care.

‘All of it,’ he shouts.

I sway slightly, and he puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me. Um- Merry… are you ever going to live this down, and say she slipped away? She was my sister girl- and mom and they just dump her off… to be kicked by passing feet- yah but that is what they do these days- girl.

Cemeteries are wasted spaces of land, why do that when you need to construct things in that space. There is nothing left to remember her by- nothing

by the memories in my mind of whom she was.

It makes me feel queasy, as I look in the box 3 x 6-inch books and see nothing but blackened asks… blowing some in the wand of the high walkways… in the glowing tingling light of the smoggy covered skyline. I notice this thought of what she was wearing the last time that I saw her, a blur though-wearing; a loose white linen shirt, snug jeans, playing in the park on the roof of the high-rise, pink converse sneakers, and a pink and white jacket, I would know I see a flick in some of the ash hitting my face as dust in the wind.

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‘All of it,’ shouts in my head- like the way she passed- by some killing her for the dollar in her underwire where she keeps and for the young rape.

I sway slightly, and he puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me.

Um- Merry… are you ever going to live this down, and say she slipped away? She was my sister girl- and mom and they just dump her off… to be kicked by passing feet- yah but that is what they do these days- girl.

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Now in bed sleeping pills at my side, taking the glass from me, she places

them for me- so sweet. Her shirt is unbuttoned at the top, and I see a sprinkling skin coming at me- and I out… then just to see her ass in my face… when I come to it, in my groggy frame of mind, she looks delicious.

9

He takes my hand once more. Holy cow - he is leading me onto the dance floor. Shit. I do not dance. He can sense my reluctance, and under the colored lights, I can see his amused, slightly sardonic smile. He gives my hand a sharp tug, and I am in his arms again,

and he starts to move, taking me with him.

Boy, he can dance, and I cannot believe that I am following him step for step. It is because I am drunk that I can keep up. He is holding me tight against him, his body against mine… if he were not clutching me so tightly, I am sure I would swoon at his feet. In the back of my mind, my mother's often recited warning comes to me: Never trust a man who can dance.

I looked into him/ his daily thoughts and what he did, just to see that he was with a 15-year-old-, not me-

saying- ‘Such a tight pussy- so tight and young-and small and the sucking oh so tight it's letting are out the sides. - he said as I see that he was with a new girl named- Nataliee.

I just was modified…Really likes she likes someone, I gasp. Katie is making her moves go in her mind for me of her hook up, she had with her new friend. She is dancing her ass off, and she only ever does that if she likes someone. It means there will be three of us for breakfast tomorrow morning. Katie! Outside and inside my head pounding away, loud. I cannot hear what he says, I tuned it out… it was my wishes. I cannot tell the color

under the pulsating to all the heat of the flashing lights going off, is the day starting a new.

I Katie- curly blonde hair, and light, wickedly gleaming eyes.

Me- She pulls me into her arms, where she is more than happy to be… Katie!

But I never- ever got to talk to her, the girl she had last night- I had to meet her. A new day is all the same- until the night-RICHARD C. MAST propels us off the dance floor in double-quick time. Is she okay? She said- she is not you- though. I need to do the safe sex lecture,

for the school, the teacher I know is a lezbo, but yes…she loves me.

I can see where things are heading for her and him, In the back of my mind, I hope she reads one of the posters on the back of the toilet doors. My thoughts crash through my brain, fighting the drunk, fuzzy feeling. It is so warm in here, so loud, so colorful - too bright. My head begins to swim with so many thoughts of him and her, and her and then him- and what she did- he did- and what I did with all, oh no… The last thing I hear beforehand, I pass out in RICHARD C. MAST'S arms is his harsh description. It is incredibly quiet, I am comfortable and

warm, the light is muted, in this bed. ‘Freak!’ I open my eyes, Hmm… I am tranquil for a moment.

‘This looks bigger than I remember,’ I said to him- by this time I have a lust for him so- that I need him- oh so much. Oh so…! It is oddly familiar to me yet all-new the love only he can give- odd like only she can too as a girl- and he a boy. I have no idea where I am, halfway in the night- I come to it and see I am in his bed nude, and he going down on me, lovingly hard! I am enjoying the strange unfamiliar surroundings, of him just work- work- working it! Where? …? ... Where

am I? My confused brain struggles over its recent painterly memories.

Holy crap- I said- like that is carp the is holy- said Katie in my mind… ha funny. I am a hotel he owns in Atlantic City. …In a suite- I see him coming to me, ready for loving making, As I did the last time, we were together, he loves it when I spray all over his face, as he loves doing to me as well! I have stood in a room like this with Katie. Oh shit. I am in RICHARD C. MAST'S suite. This room is worth more than the then-White House- and some of those places that why do not care about- How did I get here?

10

I questioned… memories of the previous night come slowly back to haunt me, like my sister young life coming to end fast over someone, that did not love her just for hot young sex. She never had a boy toy. Nothing dead at 5! Holy shit. No socks…No jeans… I see this photo of her playing- where she was just being a kid-I see the first time she cum-med, on her little bed, it was the same night- she found out she was going to have to not see me any longer- so Katie showed her to be happy- I glance at the bedside night table- and see her face on the screen that movies the photos. I do not remember

coming here. I am wearing my t-shirt, bra, and panties. I FEEL Broken- The drinking, oh no the drinking, the handset call, oh no the phone call, the vomiting, oh no the vomiting. Katie and then RICHARD C. MAST. Oh no. I cringe inwardly.

The orange juice tastes heavenly, it is I sit up and take the tablets. On it is a glass of orange juice and two tablets. Advil. He is such a Control freak that he is, he thinks of the whole thing. I do not feel that bad, much healthier than I merit too. Dehydration quenching and invigorating. Nothing beats freshly squeezed orange juice for refreshing a parched mouth.

How are you feeling?' 'Improved better than I earned,' I gabble.

'How did I get here?' My voice is small, contrite.

Do not worry about it he said- fast.

Followed by: 'Good morning Merry. I peek up at him, I for one, like- feel like a two-year-old, if I close my eyes when I am not here. There is a knock on the door, for it to open. RICHARD C. MAST'S sweat; the notion does odd things to me. My heart leaps into my mouth, and I cannot seem to find my voice, to say come in. He opens the door anyway and

strolls in, being all sweet. Holy hell, he has been working out, in tight shorts that show off his backside.

He comes and sits down on the edge of the bed, way, off, like his hair, blowing in the wind as the doors were open to the cityscape. Sweat, hard I take a deep breath and close my eyes, I cannot bear to look at the cheat any longer. He is staring at me, blue bright eyes, and as usual, I have no idea what he is thinking, even if it is run hard in my mind of all the facts. He is close- enough for me to touch, for me to smell, of him to be overpowering- and I want him- oh no- YES, do I want him!

The bath towel, in his hand, was thrown over my eyes and tied around my head. He hides his thoughts and feelings so well. Grasps is let out of me for he has me around his lower waist, going in for it like a dog in heat. Like I am his sex toy that is a rag doll pounding, I wriggle hard and slam down hard. He even takes me from behind over the chair without me giving the okay- I was all his- and then in bed, then in the shower! And I look down and see that I am shaved pinned agents the glass! Oh my… ‘Did you put me to bed clean I don’t remember all this?’ you got me this night top?

His face is blank.

‘Yes!’

Um- it was an intoxicating cocktail- ‘After you passed out, that he gave me last night my little girl down under is still red- and I can walk- so much better than a margarita, I was out in la-la-land- and I do remember the hardcore FREAKING! and now I can speak from experience, this man goes in hard and deep.

‘Did I throw up again?’ My voice is quieter. Do not worry about getting pregnant I have taken care of that too… with this. An implant was placed by a

doter last night when you were passed out- do not thank me!

Do not say anything- do not even think about it- it for your good.

Um- is all I got out before his index finger hashed me- up to my lips.

‘Did you undress me?’ I whispered…

‘Funny you cute- that’s the least of your worries!’ He spoke.

Um…?

I thought…!

I think too much…?

He is right…?

Or is this wrong…?